Muddled Up

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Muddled Up

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 16: Frottage.

Will gave a sharp laugh. "Getting intimate *with my instincts, Dr. Lecter. Was that the point, turning my violent urges into something more intimate? Make me wanna fuck you as much as I wanna kill you?"*

Notes

Consent note: Will is drunk when he initiates, and both are resistant to being choked to the degree that they are choked. Also, not kidding about the murder-y dirty talk. Overall, pretty sketchy, but at least they both get off on it?

Will sounded tired and distant when he called Hannibal to ask for his help. He said he'd just caught Freddie Lounds in his shed uncovering Randall's remains, and he'd killed her. After a few words of reassurance and instruction, Hannibal drove directly to Will's house, feeling pleased with this development.

When he arrived, Will had already hidden Freddie's car in the shed, until they could plant it elsewhere. But instead of finding Will waiting on the porch, ready to plan their next steps, Hannibal walked in the front door to find him in an armchair with a glass of whiskey, looking as if he'd already consumed a few. It had, admittedly, been a long drive. But it was disappointing to see Will be so irresponsible when he needed to have his mind clear to deal with the aftermath of his crime. Apparently the weight of two homicides in short succession had been too much to bear sober.

"This is your fault," Will said when Hannibal entered the room, words slurring slightly together. He gestured vaguely with his glass. "All of it. Randall. Freddie. Not that I've ever been a fan, but if she hadn't gone shoving her nose into everything, found that *stuff* in my shed—"

"You should have disposed of everything properly. It wasn't safe to leave it so close to home."

"Didn't have the chance. Was gonna get around to it."

"You can't afford the luxury of carelessness. Especially not now."

Will kicked back the rest of his glass and grimaced. "Fuck it. I'm done."

Hannibal watched him appraisingly. He took off his overcoat and hung it on the coatrack, realizing this was going to take a while. Then he walked in front of Will.

"How did you feel when you did it, Will? Is the reason you're so upset now because you felt so good when you killed her?"

Will closed his eyes and his head fell back against the chair. Hannibal saw his throat bob. "Felt good. But I wasn't imagining you this time. More… present. Saw her fade away when I strangled her. Felt different, though."

"Different when you weren't imagining killing me?"

Will nodded. His head lolled sideways and he opened his eyes, looking at Hannibal unevenly. "Felt… more pure. The anger, the power. Satisfaction when she died. Not… muddled up."

"Muddled how?"

"Muddled up with other stuff."

"Will—"

Will suddenly pushed himself to his feet, empty tumbler dropped carelessly to the floor. He stumbled forward until he was grabbing Hannibal's shirt to steady himself.

"Don't pretend you don't fucking know," he mumbled. "Don't pretend you don't…"

Hannibal tried to pry Will's hands off his shirt, only to have Will give him a shove. He stumbled backward.

"Thought it was just murder that did it. That I was just… digging up shit I'd buried a long time ago, stuff I hadn't looked at closely enough to see. But that wasn't it. It was you."

Will gave him another shove, making his back collide with the door. He felt a surge of irritation.

"Will, this is irresponsible. You're drunk, and you need to calm down. Tell me what you mean."

Will gave a sharp laugh. "Getting *intimate* with my instincts, Dr. Lecter." The title clicked off his tongue with shocking crispness. "Was that the point, turning my violent urges into something more intimate? Make me wanna fuck you as much as I wanna kill you?"

Will lurched forward, pinning him to the door with his hands on his shoulders. Hannibal narrowed his eyes. His primary intent had been to encourage violence, not sex, but this wasn't an undesirable result.

"So which is it, Will? Do you, in this moment, want to kill me, or fuck me?"

Will snarled, but blinked rapidly, hands turning into fists in an indecisive rush of emotion. "Don't… ask stupid questions." One hand slid up to Hannibal's neck, resting but not squeezing. Hannibal waited tensely for the first sign of pressure to subdue him, but Will just grimaced. "I think 'yes' is the answer to that."

Will furrowed his brow, and then he did squeeze, but at the same time he smashed their mouths together, and Hannibal was immediately distracted.

It wasn't a good kiss—drunk, uncoordinated, and suffering from the fact that it was clearly initiated as much from anger as from lust. But it was Will, Will brazenly licking into his mouth as if claiming his territory—and that was an unexpectedly pleasing feeling, satisfaction rolling over him. He nipped at Will's tongue as it withdrew from his mouth and Will gasped, seizing Hannibal's hip with his free hand and squeezing, kneading back until he had a handful of his ass.

Then Will tightened the hand on his neck and pushed him harder against the wall, and Hannibal could feel the press of an erection against his thigh. He was now truly torn between concern that Will might actually strangle him, and curiosity about how far this would go. Especially when Will started rubbing against him and panting in an obscene flurry of motion and sound. Hannibal inhaled, breath constricted but able to pick up the smell of arousal snaking up between fumes of whiskey. It made for an intoxicating experience, and it wasn't until Hannibal found himself growing lightheaded that he reached for Will's wrist.

“Will…”

Will growled and added his other hand to the choke, gripping tight. “I just fuckin’… *god*… would you still look so fuckin’ smug if I fucked you in the ass while I killed you? Bet you would. Bet you’d love it.”

But as enchanting as this was, Hannibal was loathe to allow things to go further. He grasped each of Will’s pinky fingers and pulled them backward hard enough to nearly snap them. Will released him with a yelp of pain, and Hannibal was quick to take the opportunity to reverse their positions, driving Will against the wall with threatening force, making him bare his teeth.

“What,” Will said, “don’t like the reality as much as the fantasy? Cuz I do.”

Hannibal loosened his hold slightly, and was caught off-guard when Will immediately seized his hips and drew him closer to rut against. Hannibal growled at the aggressive pressure against his groin, but he didn’t pull away. He dug a hand deep into Will’s curls and held him in place for a deep, hungry kiss. He tasted like whiskey, and when Hannibal bit down on his lip in turn it was joined with the piquancy of blood. Will just moaned and rutted against Hannibal with renewed urgency.

Hannibal placed his hands around Will’s neck, brushing against the lines of tendons and veins before squeezing down, until Will made a soft, nervous noise, face flushed and lips red with the trace of blood.

“Do you like this, too?” Hannibal asked, voice thick. “With your empathy, can you feel the pleasure I feel in choking you?”

Will whined and thrust his hips at Hannibal. Apparently so. Hannibal pressed his fingers on either side of Will’s trachea, gradually cutting off blood supply to his brain. Will’s eyes fluttered, breath shallow, looking vulnerable with the breadth of Hannibal’s hands around his neck. Now it was Hannibal’s turn to jut his hips forward, hardening.

He released some of the pressure so Will could get in a full breath, and when he ground forward again saw exactly the moment Will’s brain registered the sensation of Hannibal’s full erection pressing against him. His brows drew together and he whimpered, clutching at Hannibal’s hips—not at his hands, Hannibal noted with satisfaction. Will’s hands slipped behind his rear to pull him as close as possible, and his hips jerked, and they both gasped at the sensation.

Hannibal decided there were too many layers between them. He went for Will’s pants, unbuttoning and unzipping them, pulling them down along with his underwear to reveal his cock. Will slumped against the wall, looking dazed, while Hannibal did the same for himself. Until finally he could slot their cocks together and rub them together

Will keened at the sensation, and his hips thrust erratically, unhelpfully. Hannibal growled and used one hand to pin him to the wall by his neck, and the other to steady his hips. Will seemed to accept this, going a bit weak while Hannibal thrust their cocks together with neat rolls of his hips.

“How far do you imagine this going, Will?” he asked in a low voice. “Do you want me to choke you until you’re unconscious? Until you’re dead?”

Will tried to shake his head, but Hannibal’s grip was firm.

“Are you sure?” he said. “This seems to be a fixation of yours. All those fantasies of killing me with your hands, and now the reverse.”

He rolled his hips faster, and Will choked on the inhale. Hannibal tightened his hand further, even though he knew this was getting risky.

“When you’re on your final breath, ready to die, will you come for me? Will you give me your last orgasm as I squeeze the life from you?”

Will couldn’t answer, throat too constricted. Hannibal pushed him harder against the wall and Will’s face contorted in discomfort, his hands lifted and weakly tried to push Hannibal back. But his own hips were still flexing, still aroused, and Hannibal couldn’t help rutting harder now, watching this breathtaking sight.

Will tried to inhale but it was shallow, and his head twisted in anxiety, whole body restless, hands finally latching onto Hannibal’s wrist but all too weak when they tried to pull him away. Hannibal growled again, rubbed right along Will’s cock, kissed his lips that moved as if gasping, even though no air flowed. Will’s mouth stretched wide, desperate for air, and Hannibal fucked into his mouth with his tongue, tasted the bitterness of fear and moaned in satisfaction, before pulling back to watch him.

“Do it,” Hannibal whispered hoarsely, feeling Will’s hips still jerking against him. “Come, just like this.”

Will made a small, broken noise in his throat, barely anything, and his brows drew together and he shook like he was seizing. And his eyes rolled back, and the warmth of his release spurted across Hannibal’s stomach.

Hannibal allowed him one desperate, ragged, sobbing breath. Then he was doubling down with a hard choke, rutting hard and fast against Will’s stomach while mesmerized by his lax muscles, unfocused eyes, the electrifying memory of how hard he came with Hannibal’s hand around his throat. And he finally came with a gasp, hips chasing the last waves of orgasm with small thrusts.

When he pulled back, both of their stomachs were wet and streaked with white, and Will crumpled against the wall before stumbling to the nearest chair and falling into it. He was silent for a moment before finally mumbling, “You’re a fucking asshole.”

“And you killed a woman, got drunk, and assaulted me. Neither of us are blameless, Will.”

“Still an asshole.”

Hannibal just smiled. After the splendor he had just witnessed, he found himself unable to be truly irate with Will.

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